

The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1918

NINEPENCE.



IN ENGLAND, ON LEAVE: LADY BLANE.

Lady Blane is the widow of Sir Charles Rodney Blane, R.N., who was a Commander in the Royal Navy, and was killed in action during the great battle of Jutland, on May 31, 1916. Before her marriage, she was Miss Amy Levenson, and is daughter of Colonel George Francis

Levenson, C.B., C.M.G., formerly R.E., of Sheldons, Hook, Hants. She has a little daughter, Helen Mary, born in 1913. Since the death of her husband, Lady Blane has been devoting herself to Y.M.C.A. work in France, and at present she is in England for a short rest.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



Cuisine in Collaboration.

A book housewives will buy with avidity is shortly to be published. It is a book of choice recipes—war ones, but unusual in character—compiled by Lady Glenconner and Miss Jessie E. Dunbar. Many distinguished women are contributors; among them are Lady Maud Warrender, Lady Swaythling, Lady Murray of Elibank, Mrs. Asquith, to mention but a few. The book, without a single penny being deducted for expenses, is to be sold for the benefit of the Red Cross, whose funds, I hear, are not being sufficiently increased by this year's donations. People seem to forget now and then that there is more need of their generosity now than ever.



DIRECTOR OF INTELLIGENCE IN THE MINISTRY OF PROPAGANDA: COL. JOHN BUCHAN.

Photograph by Bassano.

Princess Patricia is the president of the concert which is being given at Wigmore Hall on Saturday afternoon, March 16. The concert is in aid of the National Milk Hostels, which supply pure milk to London's poorest children. This work has been going on for years, and is most efficiently done. Serving regularly on the Milk Hostels Committee are Muriel Viscountess Helmsley, the Countess of Clonmell, Lady Celia Coates, Lady Maud Warrender—who is organising the concert—Jessie Lady Camoys, and Mrs. Henry Sturgis. Among the artists who are giving their services on this occasion are Muriel Foster, Désiré Defauw, and John Ireland, who is singing some delightful old English ballads. Tickets for the concert may be had from Muriel Viscountess Helmsley, 48, Pont Street, S.W., or any member of the committee. This charity it was, you may remember, that lately received a donation of £100 from our gallant Prince of Wales.

Society and the Cinema.

Mrs. Lloyd George, I hear, is concerned in another entertainment for the cause of charity, and will use nearly all the well-known people who appeared in the Pageant at the big Welsh matinée. The rumour at present is that Louis N. Parker is writing a cinema play, and one may possibly see the Duchess of Westminster, Lady Newnes, Mrs. Louis Duveen—in short, most of the principal people in the Pageant—featured in this cinema play, the title of which has not yet been divulged.



"ANDREW THE FIFTH IS CROWNED!" "Mr. Bonar Law said this afternoon that 5s. currency notes were ready, but could not be issued without the sanction of the legislature."—Daily Paper.

Of a dark shade of grey cloth, it was very simply made, but most effective on her pretty figure; and the soft grey fox trimming, which men journalists have called a "harness," finished the whole

Music and Milk.

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MOONLIGHT GARDENING.

The Kaiser again sends his airmen to help dig our allotments.

Standardised Smartness.

The rumour is that Princess Mary is to have standard frocks for the summer. The news is not so bad as the word "standard" would have one think. The standard frock Lady Mackworth wore at a big luncheon recently was one of the smartest things I have seen. Of a dark shade of grey cloth, it was very simply made, but most effective on her pretty figure; and the soft grey fox trimming, which men journalists have called a "harness," finished the whole

most attractively. After all, the little chemise-frock to whose charms we all succumbed was, for the time being, a standard frock.

The Floors of Mayfair.

Women who want to do their full share of war work ought to throw open their drawing-rooms—if they have floors fit for dancing—to officers for tea dances. Refreshments need not be supplied; but there are a large number of convalescent officers who find time hangs heavy on their hands, and who would be very glad to dance, but are barred from places where an entrance-fee is demanded. At one tea-dance I know of a number of women take charge of the affair for the one who lends the drawing-room, and bring along small cakes, bread-and-butter, etc., and tea and sugar—as much as they can spare from their own rations. The refreshments so provided are appreciated, but the officers would rather have no tea than no dance. Therefore waste not your drawing-rooms.

The Midnight Candle.

The order to save electricity as well as gas is having a marked effect upon the collector of antiques. He, or she, chuckles and begins on the delightful task of collecting old candlesticks. Fryn Tennyson Jesse—our pretty girl-novelist and playwright (she wrote "Billeted" with Captain Harwood, you will remember)—tells me that even in the wilds of Cornwall she has discovered some beautiful old alabaster candlesticks; also—alas! this, however, is not a war economy—an early Victorian lady in wax, with a pork-pie hat too, under a glass shade. I am certain Fryn Tennyson Jesse keeps it by her bedside.

Dresses On and Off—the Stage!

Seen at the performance of "The Girl and the Puppet," given by the Pioneer Players, the long, graceful, fawn-coloured silk dress and shawl and plumed hat worn by the lady who played Bianca were indeed pleasing and soothing to eyes rather weary of the uniforms and utilitarian or patriotically shabby clothes in which the majority of our sex are making so good a fight to help us on to victory. The only real novelty I saw in the way of clothes among the audience was a dress as astonishing and graceful as it must have been warm and comfy; made entirely of Shetland grey shawls, finished with a small grey fur collar, and scarlet felt hat, it suited its plump and pretty wearer amazingly. The Duchess of Marlborough was *très élégante* in a long black velvet coat with chinchilla collar, a small Chinese-shaped hat edged with the same fur, the crown formed of strands of black and white silk braid. Her throat was bare except for a single string of pearls with a lovely pink glow. Mrs. Enthoven, so smart in her dark-blue uniform, was sitting next to Miss Hilda Moore, who was wearing a



A BUDDING FARM BAILIFF AT WYE: A WOMAN AGRICULTURAL STUDENT IN PICTURESCUE LAND WORK ATTIRE.

Photograph by C.N.



"FORTY-NINTHLY, MY ERRING BROTHER!..." "To stop the congregation from putting buttons in the collecting-bags at St. Saviour's, Hitchin, the Church Choir Journal suggests that... the delinquent be punished by having to listen to a special sermon during the dinner-hour."—Daily Paper.



AT EALING SCHOOL OF WEAVING FOR DISABLED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS. A FIRST LESSON TO LADIES WHO WILL TEACH THE MEN.

The school was opened last week. It is the first of its kind.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

mole-coloured velvet dress buttoned up the back. Others there were Mrs. Cecil Raleigh, Mr. Kenneth Kent, Mr. Roy Horniman, Mr. J. T. Grein, Mr. Fisher White, Miss Christopher St. John and Lady Muir Mackenzie.

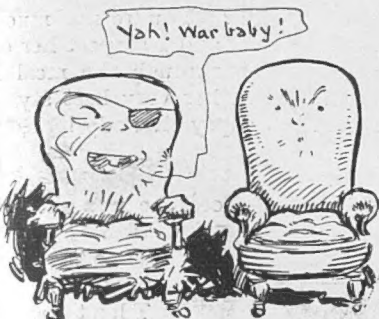
A Famous Dancer.

The passing out of Vernon Castle eliminates one of the most successful dancers that ever appeared in New York and Paris. His slenderness and graceful agility made him a neat, finished performer. With his clever American wife, whom he taught, he first appeared in a Broadway musical comedy as an entr'acte, in which, like Mlle. Genée under similar circumstances, the pair soon became "the whole show." Their popularity grew with such leaps and bounds (to speak literally) that they were in demand everywhere at fabulous prices. Their presence ensured prosperity to half-successful enterprises, for their feet, like King Midas's hands, coined gold. A roof-garden called "Castles in the Air" was run for them, and finally they took over a luxurious private house which had been especially built for a society dressmaker's establishment near the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Madison Avenue. "Castle House" they named it, and conducted it as an exclusive and expensive dancing-school. Mrs. Castle cultivated strange costumes for Fifth Avenue and fashionable restaurants, and stranger pets. The pair were "all the rage" when the war cut short the most dazzling terpsichorean career on record.



THE NEW CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF: GENERAL SIR HENRY WILSON, K.C.B.

Photograph by Lafayette.



JEALOUSY IN TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

"Careful buyers are asking for second-hand furniture, made before the war, in preference to the new stuff now being turned out."—Daily Paper.

day afternoons at 5.30 in St. Margaret's, Westminster. All the conditions conduce to the highest artistic enjoyment—lowered lights, strict silence, and a carefully arranged programme played with exquisite taste and feeling. The Bach "Aria" (Peters IX. 8) of Feb. 16 was as quietly restful in its melodic simplicity as a brook purling through a June meadow. César Franck's "Pastorale" (Op. 19) is surely one of the loveliest gems ever written for the organ. Baxtehude's fugal "Passacaglia" and a Toccata in D minor by Renaud were other delights. Few people realise the nerve rest cure induced by music. Orpheus and his lute achieve gratifying therapeutic results before the unruly insane, and also in reformatories where other disciplinary means have failed.

"Music Hath Charms."

In these troublous days, music is balm of Gilead to weary, jangled nerves. Especially true is this of the organ concerts given by Mr. Edwin Stephenson on Saturday afternoons at 5.30 in St. Margaret's, Westminster. All the conditions conduce to the highest artistic enjoyment—lowered lights, strict silence, and a carefully arranged programme played with exquisite taste and feeling. The Bach "Aria" (Peters IX. 8) of Feb. 16 was as quietly restful in its melodic simplicity as a brook purling through a June meadow. César Franck's "Pastorale" (Op. 19) is surely one of the loveliest gems ever written for the organ. Baxtehude's fugal "Passacaglia" and a Toccata in D minor by Renaud were other delights. Few people realise the nerve rest cure induced by music. Orpheus and his lute achieve gratifying therapeutic results before the unruly insane, and also in reformatories where other disciplinary means have failed.



REPUTED THE YOUNGEST MAJOR IN THE BRITISH ARMY: MAJOR SAVILL, AGED 19, AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE TO RECEIVE THE MILITARY CROSS.

Photograph by C.N.

A Fine Record.

Mr. Isidore de Lara's nine hundredth concert of War Emergency Entertainments in Steinway Hall on Feb. 19 was appropriately devoted to his own compositions. His is a monumental record—750 artists employed since the war began, and nearly £8000 paid out to them. In his little speech of appeal for more money, he paid graceful tribute to the devoted work of Mrs. Walter Jones, the honorary secretary, and of Viscountess Helmsley. Arias from five of the composer's eight operas were sung; also part-songs by the Prima Donna Choir (prettily dressed in pale-blue silk, with white kerchiefs); and two violin solos were played by Mr. Désiré Defauw. Mr. Hubert Raidich sang a finely resonant basso air, "La Chanson du Grain," from "Sanga"; Miss Mary Rizzini and Mr. Constantin Strosco a beautiful love duo from "Amy Robsart," with violin obligato by Mr. Richard Kay. Mr. Franco Léoni gave two songs in a charming lyric voice; "O Nuit, dernière Nuit," from "Soléa," was sung by Miss Rizzini for the first time in England. Very sweetly Miss Eugénie Ritte gave an air from "The Light of Asia"; and Miss Lena Austin a song, "The Dreamers." Mr. de Lara himself gave one selection—"Mine To-Day," which was enthusiastically encored. Renewed success to him in his brave efforts to give free concerts to wounded soldiers in hospital, to provide engagements for needy artists, and to foster British music, especially of young composers.

The Eloquent Jellicoe.

I suppose that no one will be found to dissent from the proposition that the Y.M.C.A. has most handsomely justified its existence during the war, but I fancy that only those who are in close touch with its central organisation realise both what has been done and what is being done. I journeyed down to Kew one evening last week to hear Mr. L. G. Pilkington, who is manager of the Association's special employment exchange for sailors and soldiers, give an account of his stewardship, and had the pleasure of listening to a most businesslike and encouraging statement of the work accomplished. Mr. Pilkington's address was admirable in itself; and a crowded hall was ensured by the fact that Admiral Viscount Jellicoe of Scapa was in the chair. The Admiral, whose five rows of medal ribbons bespoke some service to the State, and who looked exceedingly well despite the strain of the last three years and a half, was in excellent form, and made some very interesting statements. He told us, for instance, that a fund which had been started at the commencement of the war by the Grand Fleet for the benefit of its members and their dependents now amounted to the highly creditable sum of £20,000. And fine was his description of the spirit of self-effacement which animates all ratings, and which is one of the many chivalrous traditions of the Senior Service: "Let the other fellow's life be saved, and don't bother about your own." But perhaps the touch which made the most direct appeal was when, having been presented with an address by the members of the Victoria Working Men's Club, under whose auspices the meeting was organised, the Admiral declared that he had been a working man since 1880, and that he proposed to become an ordinary member of the club forthwith—a suggestion which evoked such clamorous enthusiasm that he gravely declared himself elected out of hand. This should please Mr. Arthur Henderson—it will certainly meet with the approval of most other people.



APPOINTED BRITISH MILITARY REPRESENTATIVE ON THE VERSAILLES WAR COUNCIL: GENERAL SIR HENRY RAWLINSON.

Photograph by Russell.



"The Sta understands that under this new scheme the Government will control meat from its live state in the farmyard..."



"... to the counters of the butchers' shops all over the country."

"Realities."

The Royal Court Theatre, which has more than ever justified its name lately, royalties having honoured it with their presence on several occasions, seems to have a varied programme this season. There is, indeed, a deal of difference between the "Diamonds Troupe" and "Realities," the somewhat morbid play à la manière d'Ibsen now on the bill. One suicide, one murder, and an attack of paralysis in between, are realities which throw even the horrors of the raids into a sort of ordinary routine. The acting of Miss Madge McIntosh is admirable.

An Energetic Nurse.

I met Mrs. J. M. Bulloch the other day—who, as Miss Edith Roach, spent thirty-three months at the front nursing and working for our troops. She also had the first American casualty. Thirty-three months is a long time, and the days must have been strenuous; but Mrs. Bulloch is, like all our people who have been in the scrap, very optimistic about the war, and thinks she hears the beating of the wings of the Dove of Peace.



DOSES OF IBSENIC JOIE DE VIVRE.

Produced at the Court Theatre "for the first time on any stage": Ibsen's "Realities"—some cheery incidents.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

The Limit at Last.

"I can't!" sobbed the pretty little housewife.
 "Can't what? Can't what?" I pleaded soothingly.
 "Can't go on! I can't! It's too much!"
 "What is? In heaven's name, what is? The war?"
 "No! Oh, no! That's nothing!"
 "The rationing?"
 "Don't be so silly!" Yet she still sobbed.
 "Then tell me! Of all the problems of the day, which is it that has broken your proud spirit?"
 "Oh, you man! What an absurd question!"
 "Ah, I have it!"
 "Marvellous!"
 "You mean the servant problem?"
 "What else?"
 "But your perfect charlady——!"
 "Don't!" she screamed. "She's not perfect! She's a beast! A tyrant! A bully! A Hun! Oh, how I hate and detest that woman!"

"What has she done now?"

Swallowing an enormous sob, the poor little thing proceeded to explain.

"You know how I've spoilt her? You know how I've given way to her on every point, letting her wear cloth-topped boots, and wait at table in my second-best hat, and come at eleven in the morning and leave at three?"

"I do! You've been a mother to that creature!"

"Well, what d'you think is the latest?"

"Break it gently!"

"You know that ripping gramophone Tom bought me before he went back this time?"

"Yes, yes!"

"She's fallen in love with it!"

"And wants you to give it her?"

"Not yet. That will come. But I had to show her how to use it, and now she insists on *keeping it going while she works!*"

"You don't mean it?"

"I do. I'm perfectly serious. This very morning, as soon as she arrived, and was washing up the breakfast things, I heard 'Every Little Girl Can Teach Me Something New' going like anything! She'd actually got the machine in the kitchen!"

"But you remonstrated?"

"Come again."

"You—expostulated?"

"How could I? She'd have walked out of the flat with my little stock of tea and sugar, and the key of the front-door. Presently she had to wash the hall. She propped open the kitchen-door, and put on 'My Little Grey Home in the West'! We had 'Let the Big World Go On Turning' while she cleaned the knives, and 'Another Little Drink Wouldn't Do Us Any Harm' when she

thought it was time for her beer and bread-and-cheese. I had no beer in the flat, but she kept that record going until I had to go out and buy a small bottle for a shilling!"

"My poor child! My poor child!"

"When I got back with the beer, she made herself extremely comfortable and changed the record to 'The End of a Perfect Day.' I thought she meant to go at once, but presently I heard the beastly thing grinding out 'A Fat Lil Feller wid 'Is Mammy's Eyes.' She was dusting Tom's portrait!"

"Sacrilege!"

"You do make silly comments, don't you? You're not much help, are you? She had her dinner about one, and I suspect her of bringing gin in her pocket. At any rate, all through the meal I heard Clara Butt singing 'Abide With Me' in her very best style. Fancy Clara Butt singing in the kitchen to a tipsy charlady! How furious she'd be if she knew!"

"I won't say a word," I promised.

"And when the porter came up with the coal he was greeted

with 'Any Time's Kissing Time.' That was enough. I put my foot down."

"You took away the machine, and forbade her to use it again?"

"Certainly not! I know my way about a little better than that! I merely asked her, very sweetly, if I might borrow it for half-an-hour."

A Shocking Mistake.

Now I am in for it. It seems that I was quite wrong—oh, utterly and

hopelessly and idiotically wrong!—when I said that the poet Wordsworth was "about ninety" when he wrote "We Are Seven." Several correspondents have written me pretty sharply on the subject.

"Was it," asks one, "a lapse of memory, or was it just common or garden ignorance? Seeing that the famous Lyrical Ballads in which 'We Are Seven' appeared was published in 1798, when Wordsworth was but twenty-eight, I fear this particular instance of being at the top of one's form long after the age of thirty-nine will not serve your turn."

I stand corrected. Meekly I bow. Yet the mistake was surely worth while if only to discover that Wordsworth was at the top of his form when he wrote "We Are Seven."

"You may not be aware," continues my correspondent, "that the first verse of 'We Are Seven' originally read—

"A simple child, dear brother Jim,
 That lightly draws its breath,
 And feels its life in every limb,
 What should it know of death?"

"Jim was a humble companion of Wordsworth and his sister and Coleridge at Alfoxden . . ."

What a thousand pities we never had recorded the reply of brother Jim!



IN ACTION AGAINST REYNARD: BRITISH NAVAL OFFICERS IN THE ARCTIC SMOKING OUT A FOX.

Photograph by C.N.

THE CARD HABIT—AS IT MAY BE.



THE PLUMBER: I can't touch it till you've applied for a registration card from the Plumbers' Control Board.



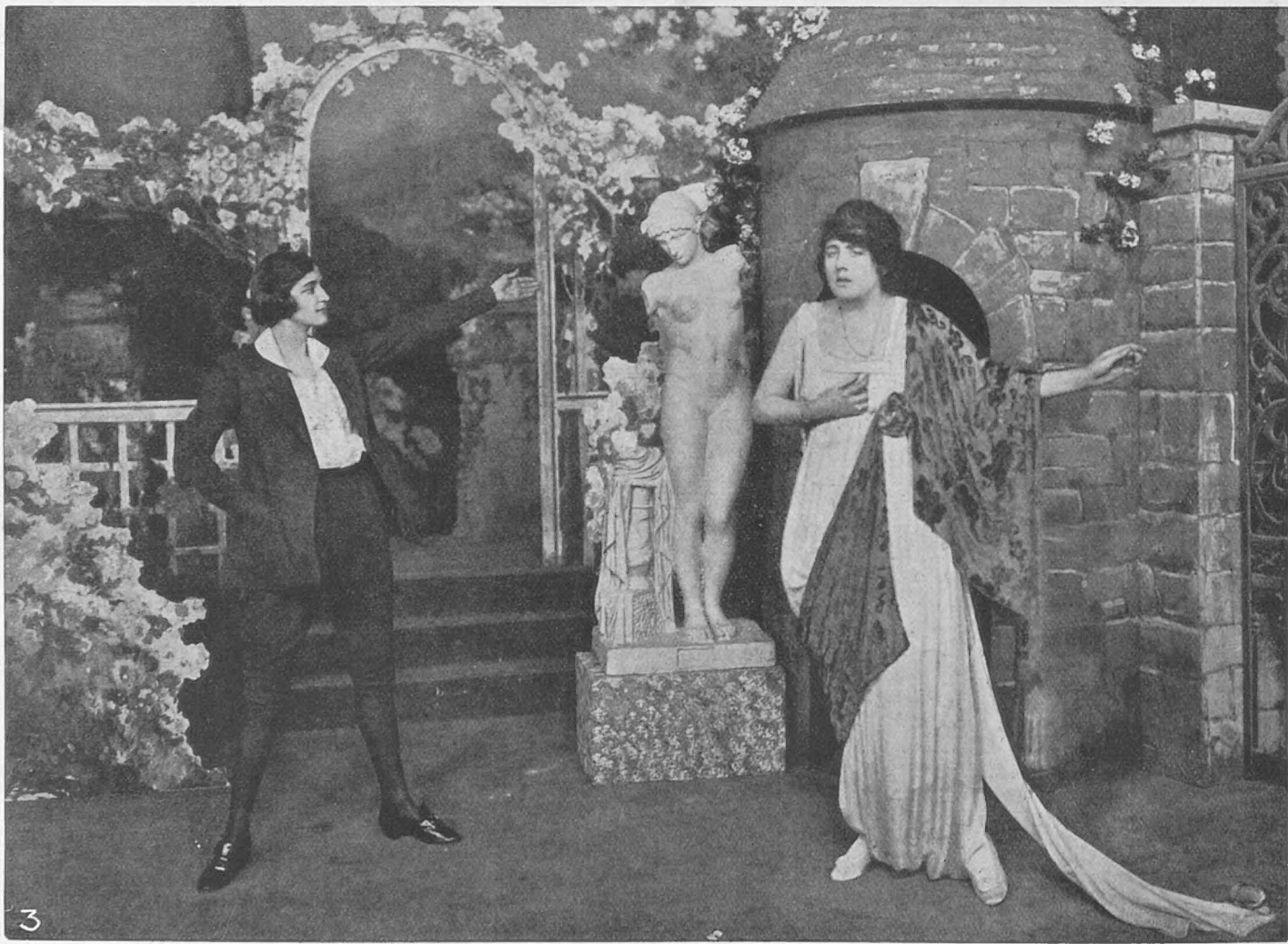
THE BOOKING-CLERK: Sorry; but if you've lost your travel-ration card, I can't issue a ticket.



THE PARSON: Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, according to the particulars set forth on your wedding-card?

DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.

A VENUS WHO THOUGHT HERSELF A MARS: "VALENTINE."



1. A PRINCE IN HER OWN ESTIMATION: VALENTINE (MISS MARJORIE GORDON) WITH THE REGENT (MR. WALTER PASSMORE).

2. UNCONSCIOUSLY EMULATING VIOLA AND ROSALIND: VALENTINE WITH HER FRIEND GASTON (MR. HAYDEN COFFIN).

3. A "PSYCHE-LOGICAL" MOMENT: VALENTINE TELLS DIANA (MISS MABEL TWEMLow) SHE IS JUST LIKE YONDER "MARS."

The plot of "Valentine," at the St. James's Theatre, turns on the fact that the baby princess of that name—seventh and posthumous daughter of the late King of Milcannia—had been proclaimed and brought up as a boy by the Regent, Duke Gastricus, to avoid a revolution. Valentine grew up still

believing herself to be a Prince. When wooed by the impetuous Diana, Queen of Vimbos, she "gave away" her sex by remarking that she was a most martial person: in fact, was just like Mars; and indicating a statue of Venus, which she had been brought up to believe a statue of Mars.

THE WASHINGTON TOUCH: "NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH."



1. AS GWENDOLYN RALSTON IN "NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH," AT THE SAVOY: MISS RENEE KELLY.

2. AS A PAIR OF VARIETY "SISTERS": MISS DOROTHY MINTO (LEFT) AS MABEL AND MISS ZOE GORDON AS SABEL.

3. TIME'S UP! MR. A. E. MATTHEWS AS ROBERT BENNETT AND MISS RENEE KELLY AS GWENDOLYN RALSTON, ON THE EXPIRATION OF HIS BET TO TELL THE TRUTH FOR 24 HOURS.

The new American farce at the Savoy, "Nothing But the Truth," adapted by Mr. James Montgomery from a novel by Mr. Frederick Isham, turns on a bet made by one Robert Bennett that he will speak the truth at all costs for twenty-four hours, terminating at four o'clock. The Washington

touch thus applied to the stock market, and to the domestic affairs of various people, leads to no end of embarrassments and to screams of laughter on the part of the audience. All efforts by interested parties to entice the hero into telling a lie are unsuccessful.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

LORD DUNRAVEN is, in my mind, perfectly right in what he says about fishes and fishing. Why should the little fishes be allowed to remain single, or to swim selfishly away? If we can't have pig, let's have plaice; only there you are—some pigs we have heard of went to market, while fish has got to be fetched!

Which reminds me of a printed notice I once saw with my own eyes in the window of a fish-shop in London: "All our fish is warranted English." Fish then, unlike the human animal, must be a respecter of frontiers. But how does it know when it is in English water, or when it has inadvertently ventured abroad?

A gourmet of my friends was telling me that English fish—or rather, fish sold in England—had a much nicer flavour than in France or in other warmer climates, and that the fish caught in tropical seas, where the water registered 90 deg. (I hope I remember right), was insipid. How lovely to have a hot bath always ready—but I suppose it makes the fish feverish!

I was passing the other day down a street where a fish-shop had been badly rattled in the last raid. You would have thought that the proprietor—with the accumulated trials, first, of potato paucity, followed by fish and fat famine—would have welcomed so solid an excuse for throwing up the sponge and putting up the shutters. Not so; instead, he was just affixing this placard to his devastated premises: "D—the Germans! We fry to-night!"

Have you tried potato-cakes? Lady Moore and Mrs. Hunter were busy trying a baking experiment at the Fortune of War Café in Edgware Road when I looked in the other day. The potato is to be used to lessen the cost of your rock-cake as you patronise the café—1d. instead of 1½d., it is hoped, will be the price of a cake that

will melt in your mouth. I am told the great thing is to boil potatoes, rub them through a sieve when soft—minus the peel, of course—and replace a quantity of the flour by the potato snow. Result—a delicious cake, a feeling of virtue, and a heavier pocket-book. "Eat potatoes and save your Bradburys" is Lord Rhondda's slogan.

Food restrictions, shortage of supply, and consequent difficulties of catering are troubling the committees and officials of West-End clubs. At the Reform, where an honourable and admirable frugality has long been observed, it has been found necessary to suspend the time-honoured privilege of introducing guests to luncheon—with, however, a saving clause in favour of members of H.M. Forces home on temporary leave. And one hears on all sides of similar intermission of long-established habits, a notable exception being the Royal Overseas Officers Club, which appears to be able and willing to deal with any and every eventuality. And, by the way, the circular which has just been issued by the club, and which gives in narrative form the contribution of the indefatigable Mr. Orde and his collaborators towards the comfort and well-being of officers temporarily in London, makes exceedingly brave showing, and testifies to both a large amount of genuine hard work and a considerable measure of organising ability.

An amiable reader has sent me a seldom-seen French note as a curio, and also the following letter. For both, many thanks—

"Amazing and complicated are the ways of Currency Commissioners the world over, and, as one would expect, those of our neighbours and nearest-and-dearest Allies are not the least so. A friend of mine home on short leave from Somewhere-in-France recently produced for my inspection and edification a fearfully and wonderfully constructed currency note of the face-value of *fifty centimes*, issued not by the French Government, but by the *Municipality of the town* to which he and his fellows had been wont to repair for rest and reorganisation after prolonged experience of the trenches. As a work of art it is, one need scarcely say, superb; but from the point of view of mere negotiability, and consequent utility for the purpose for which it was created, it seems to leave something to be desired. For, on

perusing with some interest a number of complex conditions appearing on the back of the document, I discovered that the responsibility of the Municipality and its Treasury ceased and determined exactly one year from date of issue! It would consequently seem to be necessary to verify the date upon every such note before accepting it as current; and as such date is by no means easy of ascertainment—for currency notes of small denominations have an uncanny facility for attracting grease and dirt—an added and adventitious terror would appear to complicate the life of the small French trader. But perhaps a convention exists to treat any such note as current without too close an investigation of its credentials, until wear and tear put a term to its existence. There being some doubt as to whether the note in question was or was not still current, and also as to whether my friend would or would not return to the vicinity of the issuing authority, he elected to leave it with me as a curiosity which may in process of time become as interesting as an out-of-the-way postage-stamp."

A rather amusing innovation in the way of spring decoration for the bodice is the bunch of artificial flowers cut in the shape of violets, but made out of tartan taffetas instead of purple silk. As this novelty comes from Paris, it is to be supposed that the fancy is a subtle compliment to the Scottish visitors whose dashing plaids have caused so much of a sensation over there. The colours of your laddies—what?



"My bed it is sheetless. All are sent to the Y.M.C.A."



"Have you tried potato cakes?"

I was talking to a South African officer—he wore his regimental badges, two ribbons of the Boer War, the Mons Star (I like the blurry ribbon—it is unmistakable), and the violet-and-white of the Military Cross, also the red chevron distinctive, I think, of the first six months of the war, and three blue ones above it for each of the other six months spent at the front. "Nice sight I look!" said the hero. "It is a good thing they can't give me any compulsory decorations for time spent in hospital, or I should be taken for a Christmas-tree instead of a man!" Typical of the British attitude of arrogant modesty. Very few of your officers wear their "wounded" stripes, as it is.

The war, the short leave at home, the whirl to fit things in and "make good" whilst opportunity holds, the unaccustomed amount of accumulated pay—all these strange conditions make for strange ways of living or "leaving."

A cavalry Major whom I know was living at the dearest hotel in town, with a suite and all the attendant luxuries. "I can afford to live at the rate of £6000 a year for a fortnight," said he, "and it's simply top-hole."

Well, if it amuses him!

Another reader has sent me the following verses. As they are not signed, I suppose they are not "original" in the accepted "copy" sense. But it is certainly topical poetry—

"TO LORD RHONDDA AND SIR ARTHUR YAPP.

"My Tuesdays are meatless,
My Wednesdays are wheatless,
I am getting more eatless each day;
My home it is heatless,
My bed it is sheetless—
All are sent to the Y.M.C.A.

"The bar-rooms are treatless,
My coffee is sweetless,
Each day I get poorer and wiser;
My stockings are feetless,
My trousers are seatless—
My God, how I do hate the Kaiser!"

Dora is evidently feeling spiteful; she is making horrid remarks about the behaviour of nice girl war-workers. But the "Waacs" and "Wrens" will stand together, and are not undefended. Lady Mackworth is going to tell the public what she thinks officially, and otherwise, on every possible occasion. She and Lord Rhondda are great believers in women. I have heard Lord Rhondda speak enthusiastically of the women farmers he used to meet at cattle shows in the days when he exhibited his cattle. He remarked their skill in dealing with the beasts and their obvious fitness for and enjoyment of their work. Perhaps it is his appreciation of us that makes him so popular with his staff, which has many women members.



"Their skill in dealing with the beasts."

I heard Sir Robert Kindersley tell a good story at a War Savings meeting at which Princess Louise was present. At the time when recruiting was a strenuous business, a speaker addressed a lot of women and urged, "If any of you has a lad, send him." One girl called out, "I have sent my lad." The speaker beamed as he shouted, "That's right. Get another, and send him." Talking of War Savings reminds me that Lady Rhondda is, like Lord Rhondda, not

easily defeated—even by influenza. After a few days' rest, she returned to the job of making the nation save. And her very energetic and always well-thought-out and excellently managed campaigns are always marked by novel features. I heard her explaining in her soft voice the benefits to be reaped from this investment. Some of the people who ask questions are most amusing. I can vouch for the fact that an ingenuous person said she would invest £1 in War Savings Certificates, because she understood it would be £5 in five years! And, when the actual terms were explained, refused indignantly to put any money into a scheme which did not give her £5 for £1, as she had understood!



"Fish has got to be fetched."

interest, and when we inquired why it was having so much loving care, and buttered eggs, though good, were hardly worth a chivalrous attitude, he replied, with a dreamy look, that his charlady called the casserole a "camisole." Since then it has been to him a thing of romance.

I think I am going to learn something from some lectures given on twelve Sunday afternoons at the Steinway Hall (they began on Feb. 17) by Janette Steer, who is as handsome as Mary Anderson. Among her subjects are "The Wisdom of Solomon." I hope she recites the Song; for she has a beautiful voice and long experience as an actress.

I wonder whether Genée goes to lectures every Sunday, or whether she dances like a sprite in Regent's Park? She is so adorably slender! I can imagine her stepping down from the terrace of her house, which is on the edge of the park, and dancing among the trees. Her dancing always seems to me, as dancing should, the exquisite expression in action of an ethereal temperament.



"In the last raid."

SMALL TALK



THE announcement of the engagement of the Hon. Godfrey Corbett to Miss Gwyn Mervyn Grimond is just another confirmation of the old saying that one wedding leads to another. It is only a few weeks since Mr. Corbett went to St. Andrews to attend the wedding of a cousin, Miss Lilian Curran, and was there introduced to his youthful future bride. Lord Rowallan, father of the prospective bridegroom, will perhaps be better remembered as Mr. Archibald Corbett, Liberal Member for the Tradeston Division of Glasgow, and the man who last year urged investment in the War Loan on the ground, that, as every pound spent went half as far as in ordinary times, each one saved would go double as far in providing an income for the future.



ENGAGED: MISS ALEXANDRA JAMES.

Miss James, whose engagement to Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Fawcus, 'Manchester Regiment,' has been announced, is a god-daughter of Queen Alexandra, and the second daughter of the late Mr. William James, and of Mrs. Binton.

Photograph by Swaine.

of entering what had the reputation of being the most exclusive one. The place was seldom, if ever, thrown open, like so many others of its kind, for charity concerts, bazaars, or similar entertainments, so that when, in the early days of the war, the owners lent it for a social celebration in connection with France's Day, a good many guineas accrued to the "cause" as a result of the unusual concession.

Not for the First Time. Lady Plunket's decision to open a Day Nursery for the children of educated women obliged to earn their own living is by no means her first experiment in connection with child welfare. New Zealand owes its good Bill of Health very largely to the knowledge of the principles of health and hygiene spread by the Plunket Society, when Lord

Plunket was Governor of the Dominion.

Both the Governor and his wife took the keenest interest in the campaign then instituted; and, so far at least as Lady Plunket is concerned, hygiene in general and child welfare in particular are her two pet hobbies. The first "Basil Blackwood" Day Nursery, which she intends to open in a large house near Gloucester Road Station next month, is in the nature of a memorial to her brother, Lord Basil Blackwood, who fell in action last year, and was himself a great child-lover. Apart from the benefit to the children themselves, the idea is to relieve the anxiety of those mothers who, while appreciating the necessity of a regular nursery routine, are obliged by circumstances to leave their children for the whole or greater part of the day.

The Re-Shuffle.

To the tension of the opening of the Session succeeds something like repose. It is

curious that the actual resignation of an important soldier should affect the House of Commons less than the prospect of his departure. But that is the way with the Mother of Parliaments. It gets vastly excited over anything in the nature of a "crisis," while its calm when big things really do happen is generally surprising. Mr. Lloyd George, by the different tone of his second statement, helped matters; it was an anodyne, while the first speech was an irritant. But, when all is said and done, the real crux of the situation was wittily, if somewhat unkindly, expressed by the writer who compared Mr. Lloyd George to a burglar with a red-hot safe which nobody wanted to handle. The war at this stage is a business no man need hanker for.

Oxon—and Rabbits. I see that Sir Robert Hermon-Hodge has converted his game preserves into a breeding-place for rabbits. Only pure patriotism would compel him to this course, for Sir Robert is a sportsman of the keenest, and rabbits are vermin to a sportsman. Sir Robert's moustache is one of the chief glories of the House of Commons. It is always pointed out to the admiring stranger, when Sir Robert

happen to be there; and, if he is absent, the

stranger's sponsor feels rather as one does in taking a Frenchman into the National Gallery with the Raphaels and Titians in cold storage. It is a magnificent, sweeping affair, quite appropriate to the handsome profile of Sir Robert, but giving him an air of implacability which is foreign to his real nature. For, though he is a great electioneer and political fighter, no man has or deserves more popularity.

"Rawly."

That is what Sir Henry Rawlinson, our new representative at Versailles, is generally called. Behind his back and by close chums, that is—for, though Sir Henry is a pleasant, genial man, he is not the sort of person with whom a comparative stranger can safely be familiar. He has, indeed, rather a notion of his own dignity and that of his class. He knows how to take care of him-

self. He is a dashing Commander whom his men respect and love, cheerful in the worst situation, and ever ready to seize the right moment for attack. He knew war at its worst when he had to meet the enemy in 1914 with tiny resources; in comparison, his experience in Burma, the Sudan, and South Africa was a picnic.

Not a Film Actress.

The Duchess of Westminster is not, after all, to appear on a charity film written by Mr. Louis N. Parker, of pageant fame. The loss is the public's. The Duchess is a clever actress, and is remembered as one of the band of amateur performers who used to figure in the famous theatricals at Chatsworth, where King Edward so often formed a member of the audience. Hospital cares now require the presence of her Grace at Le Touquet.



TO BE MARRIED IN MARCH: MISS MAY MAXWELL STUART.

The marriage of Miss May Maxwell Stuart, to Captain H. Morton Anderson, is to take place, leave permitting, in Paris, on March 11. Miss Stuart is the daughter of Mr. Edmund and the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Stuart.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



MARRIED ON FEB. 20: MRS. RICHARD JOHNSTONE (MISS RUTH MYERS).

ENGAGED TO AN OFFICER IN THE COLDESTREAM GUARDS: MISS ELLA FRANKLIN.

Mrs. Johnstone, whose marriage to Lieutenant-Commander Richard Johnstone, of Queen's Terrace, Windsor, was celebrated on Feb. 20, is the elder daughter of Brigade-Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel A. B. R. Myers, of St. George's Road, S.W.—Miss Ella Franklin, whose engagement to Lieutenant Charles Wilmer, Coldstream Guards, only son of the late Mr. H. G. Wilmer, and of Mrs. Wilmer, of Eastleigh, Hants, is announced, is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Franklin, of St. Cuthbert's, Portswood, Southampton.

Photographs by Bassano and Lafayette.



ENGAGED: Mlle. FRANÇOISE-WACHTER.

Mlle. Françoise-Wachter, whose engagement to Lieutenant S. C. R. Isitt, Yeomanry, elder son of Mrs. S. F. Isitt, of York House, Portman Square, is announced, is the younger daughter of Mme. Françoise-Wachter, of Paris.

Photograph by Lafayette.



ENGAGED: MISS ENID S. M. GRAY.

Miss Enid Sylvia Mowbray Gray, whose engagement to Captain Richard W. Sparrow, M.C., Hussars, has been announced, is the younger daughter of the late Mr. Mowbray Gray, and of Mrs. Mowbray Gray, of Surbiton, Surrey.

Photograph by Swaine.

PRE-LENTEN WEDDINGS : MILITARY BRIDEGROOMS.



MAJOR JAMES—MISS VIZARD : A COLCHESTER WEDDING.



COLONEL CHAMIER—MISS LORDLY : LEAVING THE CHURCH.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL YOUNGER—MISS HALLILEY : AFTER THE CEREMONY.



MR. ROBERT DICK SMITH CUNINGHAME—MISS DORIS MELLES : LEAVING THE GUARDS' CHAPEL.

The coming of Lent is always the signal for many marriages, and the present season has proved no exception. On Feb. 22, at St. Mary's-at-the-Walls, Colchester, Major Gilbert Sidney James, R.F.A. (Territorial), only surviving son of Sir Edward B. James, of Springfort, Stoke Bishop, and of Lady James, was married to Miss Evelyn Vizard, daughter of Brigadier-General R. D. Vizard, The Avenue, Colchester. The landau was drawn by six horses of a gun-team, ridden by officer-friends of the bridegroom.—At St. Cuthbert's Church, Earl's Court, on Feb. 20, Colonel J. A. Chamier, D.S.O., Indian

Infantry and R.F.C., was married to Miss Edwina Ratcliffe Lordly. There was no reception.—The marriage of Lieutenant-Colonel Allan Younger, D.S.O., R.F.A., to Miss Marjorie Rhoda Halliley was celebrated at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, on Feb. 19.—The marriage of Mr. R. D. Smith Cuninghame, Scots Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas D. Smith Cuninghame, of Stratton, Godstone, and Miss Doris Melles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Melles, of Gruline, took place on Feb. 18, at the Guards' Chapel.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau and L.N.A.]



THE engagement of Lady Crichton to Colonel Algernon Stanley is an event of which the very first news went to Windsor, for King George is godfather to her son, the little Earl of Erne, and Queen Mary is godmother to her daughter. A minor thrill in first appearances, more exciting in some ways than even that of the Prince's taking his seat among the Lords, was the maiden speech of the Marchioness of Carisbrooke at a Y.W.C.A. meeting at the Speaker's House. "Simply terrified," was her own description of herself to the Speaker, who wished that elsewhere—but that is another story.



SOCIETY IN THE PARK: THE COUNTESS DE LALAING.

The Countess de Lalaing is the wife of the Count de Lalaing, Hon. G.C.V.O., formerly Belgian Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to London. Before her marriage, the Countess was known as Mlle. Christine du Tour de Bellinchave, daughter of the grand master of the ceremonies at the Dutch Court.—[Photograph by Topical.]

most of the beautiful women in London find themselves in Bond Street when any new "joy for ever" is presented to the public

Fish, Fabled but Tabled.

One of the last of the diners at Claridge's before the rationing rules came into execution was the Prince of Wales. He brought his own quiet gaiety with him—as important among diners now as a coupon. In the restaurant at Brown's Hotel Mr. Rudyard Kipling gives almost nightly in his laughter the note of gaiety—he, perhaps, works off any dismals he may have in his speeches. As someone at a Ritz luncheon said the other day, "Anyway, we aren't ordered to look fishy." New fishes seem to have been discovered to meet the new needs. After experiencing some of these baffling varieties, a friend told me he seemed to share some of the bewilderment, though none of the indignation, of the mariner who, seeing a yacht called *Psyche*, exclaimed to his mate, "Well, that's the d—est way of spelling fish I ever did see!"

The Bond of Unity.

Artists, anyway, do not pass out of fashion. Portrait-painting is at its apotheosis. And, like liking like,

eye. At the Private View of the Portrait Society at the Grosvenor, Lady Mainwaring and Lady Maud Warrender looked at their doubles on the walls. Lady Curzon of Kedleston was asked if it was really true that some of Alfred de Rothschild's pictures were now hers. Sir John and Lady Lavery said good-bye to many friends before their trip to the Riviera. The Marquis de Soveral and the Comte de Lalaing, apparently more interested in people than in paint, did a great deal of hand-shaking—and a little head-shaking too. But gravity was, for just the moment, a little out of the picture. Everybody seemed to be on good terms with everybody. Lord Spencer came with Lord Beauchamp; Mrs. Asquith with her daughter; and Mrs. George Keppel with—all the rest of the world. Whatever else befalls, Society will not "cut the painter."

In His Cups.

Coffee-making is accounted in the East a masculine accomplishment, and even Lord Beaconsfield held it to be one which Englishwomen had somehow failed to grasp. Lady Maud Warrender does not altogether adopt this "down" on her sex; but, in forwarding "The Fortune of War" movement, she does help to bring a cup of man-made coffee within what is called "the reach of all." London is to be sprinkled with stalls, run by disabled soldiers and sailors—though perhaps "run" is hardly the word, for the stalls are to be stationary. They are also to be as picturesque as paint and a tub of evergreens can make them. The weird hours of attendance will enable work-people, early or late, to be sure of their own *chefs* in at least this one delightful department of daily diet. Everything is to be business-like about the adventure. Even the capital subscribed is to bear interest—so that the Duchess of Norfolk quite counts on the £12 a year promised for the £200 she has boldly staked.



SOCIETY IN THE PARK: LORD AND LADY KNARESBOROUGH.

Lord Knaresborough is the first Baron and second Baronet, and was, before his accession to the peerage, Sir Henry Meysey Meysey-Thompson, having succeeded to the Baronetcy in 1874. Lady Knaresborough was, before her marriage, Miss Ethel Adelino Pottinger, daughter of Sir Henry Pottinger. She has three daughters; but her only son, a Captain in the Rifle Brigade, died of wounds received in action, 1915.—[Photograph by Topical.]

The Air-Maid.

"If only the Germans knew how we enjoy it, they wouldn't come!" This opinion of the recent nocturnal air-raids I give merely as that of a little girl of inherited gallantry. "Glorious!" was the

epithet of another group of children, achieving their heart's desire of sitting up till midnight when the guns were at their noisies. So that the adult pessimist of the family was obliged to chime in—a little bitterly, perhaps—"Solomon in all his glory was not a raid like one of these."

The Foreign War. Ireland is the happy island—not a bit distressed, I assure you. Such is the opinion of a man just back from a stay in Dublin. Plenty of corner boys, smoking, talking, and laughing—quite happy; no restrictions to speak of; lots of butter and tea and meat and eggs and fish. The foreign war does not intrigue the Irish; they are quite indifferent, and look upon their heroic comrades, Nationalists and Unionists, who are fighting, as Carlyle looked on the majority of mankind—as mostly fools! It is quite a pleasant air of detachment—one that has attracted a very few unworthy creatures into going over there for long stays, or for residence for the duration of the war. There is a still small voice that sometimes shrieks louder than the Hunnish shells, and there is always the chance of the Irish doing a little blood-letting among themselves—these are the only drawbacks to the Happy Island.



SOCIETY IN THE PARK: THE LADIES ALICE AND ANGELA MONTAGU-DOUGLAS-SCOTT.

The Ladies Alice and Angela Montagu-Douglas-Scott, who are seen walking with a naval officer, are, respectively, the third and the youngest daughters of the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry.—[Photograph by Topical.]

THE LATEST ATTACK ON THE SKIRT—TEA-PYJAMAS.

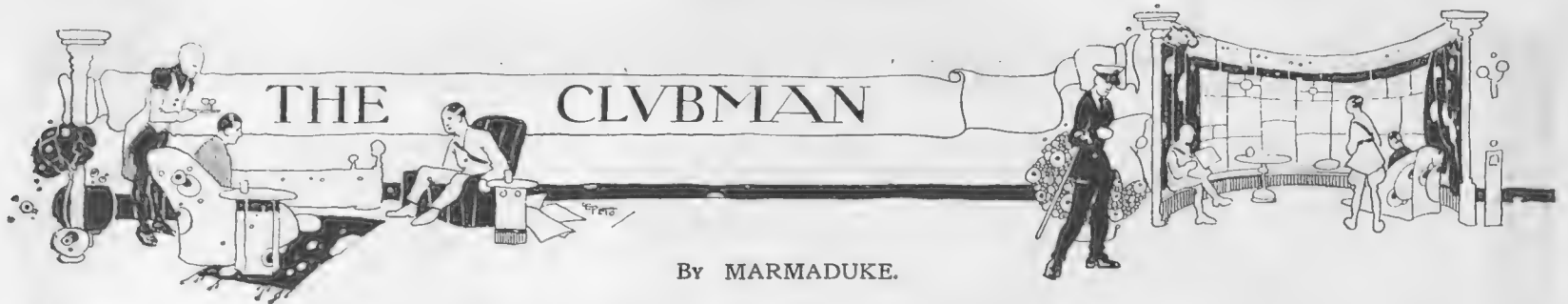


A CHARMING SUBSTITUTE FOR THE TEA-GOWN, FRESH FROM PARIS: TEA-PYJAMAS—CONTAINING
MISS MARGOT ERSKINE.

Miss Margot Erskine has entered the ranks of that great army of women who are, in effect, making war upon the skirt by adopting other forms of nether-attire hitherto the prerogative of mere man. Tea-pyjamas, as a substitute for the tea-gown, are the latest importation from Paris,

and, as our photographs show, a decidedly picturesque and pleasing substitute. It may be that the skirt, which, when not discarded altogether by modern woman in favour of knickers, trousers, and the like, is nowadays both narrowed and abbreviated, will ultimately be eliminated.

Photographs by Rita Marlin.



By MARMADUKE.

THERE was an old minister in Scotland who, whenever the House was in Session, closed each service by praying that "Parliament might no do any harm." Many would probably now join in praying for the same object—the moment is rapidly approaching when Members may both make or mar the future of the nation, and affect for good or evil the prospects of modern civilisation for generations to come. The peculiarities of Parliament are notorious; there are some who would refer to them less amiably! Authorities upon the past history of the House insist, for instance, that an Act was once passed of which the three main clauses were: 1. That Greenwich Hospital be rebuilt. 2. That the new Hospital be constructed with the material of the old. 3. That the old Hospital be left standing until the new be completed.

The recent air raid upon Paris has reminded the comparatively few Englishmen who know the capital well that Parisians possess a vast underground space capable of sheltering close upon half of the population. The Catacombs of Paris are said to contain hundreds of miles of passages, which, crossing and recrossing each other, form a "maze" without equal. From the Roman period to the reign of Louis XIV., much of the stone employed in building Paris was obtained from quarries over which now stand several of the larger districts of the town—such as the Faubourgs St. Germain, St. Jacques, and St. Marcel. In 1784 an Order in Council abolishing "intramural interments" led to the churchyards, burial-places, and cemeteries in the city being cleared of their contents—which, being removed at night, were lowered through a shaft into the disused quarries. For years occupation was found for hundreds of workmen in stacking the skulls and bones—the first commonly reported to amount to four or five millions—in more or less ornamental designs, over each "section" being placed an inscription recording from which burial-place the group had been removed.

Before the war of 1870 it was with the utmost difficulty that permission to visit the Catacombs was to be obtained—and probably the restrictions imposed until then have not been much relaxed since, for the size of the great subterranean "cemetery" and the multitude of passages render it necessary that visitors be accompanied by a veritable "army" of officials. The celebrated M. Rouher—the Minister to whom is now generally attached the blame for France having declared war with Germany in 1870—took the present writer over part of the Catacombs in 1869. Upon the occasion the party was guided by the chief officers in charge of them, a large body of police being, moreover, in attendance. There were, besides, several of the most able detectives of France at the day, and some thirty men and boys, carrying lanterns or torches.

A steep and winding flight of steps—there could not have been less than a hundred—led to the Catacombs, most of the side-paths of which had been boarded across to prevent the guides, guards, or others missing the way. An alarm having been given, however, all were hurried back immediately to the entrance before the expedition had been completed. It was said at the time that the Catacombs had been bored into by thieves living overhead, who habitually used them as hiding-places for themselves or to store stolen property. In the centre of the Catacombs was a pond—stocked with gold-fish! It is to be assumed that the great underground space has not been materially altered since the late 'sixties—in which case, with judicious organisation, it might be made a most effectual "shelter" for Parisians when attacked from the skies.

It is a far cry from the day when—in June 1890—thousands flocked to Hyde Park to be present at a "Demonstration" never attempted there before. The late Lady Florence Dixie had threatened to assert the

"Rights of Woman" by appearing at a Meet of the Coaching Club at the head of a cavalcade of Amazons dressed as men and riding astride—Englishwomen have now attained the Vote, to support the demand for which Lady Florence was agitating. It is not generally known, however, that women have already voted occasionally in this country. At an election at Manchester in 1867 a woman presented herself at Chorlton Town Hall, tendering her vote for Mr. Jacob Bright. The register being examined, and it appearing that her name had been placed accidentally upon the list of electors, the lady was permitted to vote for the candidate. There are, besides, several cases upon record more or less resembling the one mentioned.



A ROYAL PEER OF THE REALM: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES ON THE WAY TO THE LORDS.

The Prince of Wales, who took his place among the Peers of the Realm on Feb. 19, is seen in our photograph with Lord Claud Nigel Hamilton, brother of the Duke of Abercorn, and the Hon. Sir Sidney Greville, brother of the Earl of Warwick, approaching the House of Lords.—[Photograph by C.N.]

It would not be safe to predict that the attaining of the Franchise by woman will finally satisfy her "ambitions." There was a period when the Roman women insisted upon growing beards, and, the "fashion" spreading very rapidly and widely, a law had to be passed compelling them to discontinue the practice. There had before then, also, been a "rage" amongst Greek women to the same effect—it apparently dying out, however, without interference from the State. To force the beard to grow upon the face the Roman women had themselves shaved, and used a "mixture" that, rubbed into the skin, stimulated the growth of hair.

May not the prize-fighting woman be a development yet in store? At local fairs in the remote past in England such exhibitions were not uncommon. The strength of women is occasionally remarkable, as the following report of a case tried before the Court in the United States shows: "Paterson.—Sarah Hoffman was arrested and fined for whipping three men."

FRATERNISING FIDO.



BERTIE: Wonder how he'd get on with the rats in my dug-out?

GERTIE: Oh, they'd be frightfully bucked. Fido makes friends with everybody.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK



UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown, they say; and William Le Queux is making it a more uneasy job than ever. He seems to be personally acquainted with most of the Crowned Heads, and to know all about the few he doesn't know. And in Royal circles, now, the reticence of old lovers is impossible; under the new dispensation, the Monarch kisses and Le Queux tells. In fact, if any member of a Royal Family goes to his secret cupboard nowadays, the likelihood is that when he gets there he will find, like Old Mother Hubbard, the cupboard is bare, for Le Queux has been there before him and taken the skeleton away—and not for the purpose of hiding it in a better hole either.

He has a collection of such skeletons in "Love Intrigues of the Kaiser's Sons"; but it isn't just the dry bones that he exhibits—he has put meat on them. He is able to do this because he knows all about the Princes, and all about the girls as well. His tales are of Prince Adalbert, Prince August-Wilhelm, Prince Oscar, Prince Joachim, the Crown Prince; and a telephone girl, a lady's-maid, and the daughters of a Russian Privy Councillor, of a Jew banker, and an ironmaster; and after what some of these Princes have certainly done in Belgium, their domestic misconduct may shock, but will not surprise you. There are no half-measures. Le Queux gives you everything down to what each Prince said to each girl and what she said to him when they were quite alone together—so I guess the girls must have told him things. There are trifles that worry me. For instance, a passage like this: "He lit a cigarette and assumed an attitude of merriment, at which the pretty Lilli was highly pleased." There is no illustration of Prince Adalbert in this attitude, and I can't imagine how it was done; but probably readers with more imagination than I have may be successful and feel as highly pleased as pretty Lilli did.

It is pleasant to pass from the squalor of these real-life romances to such a story as "Singing Sands," and escape into the breezy, fresh air of the Canadian wilds. Squalor enough was there, too, as Lyndon Travess found, but she came to recognise that she could not expect in a township that was still in the making the sweetness and settled order of the quiet English villages from which she had come; and to recognise that, anyhow, there was something finer and more exhilarating in this new life, for all its rawness, than in the safe, humdrum respectability of the old. There is even a squalid love affair, with a German settler for its hero; but Lyndon's own love romance is as charming as it is chequered, and only the coming of the war postpones its happy ending.

When, on the third page of "Nevertheless," the beautiful Mrs. Tennent, a middle-aged society lady, informs her grown-up son that

need of forgiveness. It is a capital story of love, sentiment, and politics. The first stone was cast by John; the last might have been cast at him; but his mother was not the kind of woman to throw it.

Gerald Warre Cornish, a Lieutenant in the Somerset Light Infantry, was killed on the second day of the Somme advance, and "Beneath the Surface" sufficiently proves that in him was lost a literary artist of high and original gifts. Like Tolstoy, he was both a realist and an idealist, and his seven stories here make this one of the few new books of fiction that are worth buying and keeping.

I have read numerous war books, but none cheerier or more interesting than "Englishman, Kamerad!" by Captain Gilbert Nobbs, of the London Rifles. He was wounded and blinded in the Somme attack, left on the field, (there is a wonderfully poignant chapter describing this), and taken prisoner by the Germans. Since he assures us, after his release, "I do not deplore my loss of sight, for I can say, in all sincerity, that I was never happier in my life than I am to-day," you may guess the spirit in which he writes; but you must read his book for its moving and intimate story, and to make acquaintance with that lovable Frenchman, Samiez, serving as a nurse in the Hanover hospital.

Marc Henry agrees with Captain Nobbs that there are likeable and kindly Germans, among plenty that are otherwise. He lived in Germany before the war, and in "Beyond the Rhine" interests you greatly in its art, literary, Bohemian, and general circles, and his shrewd opinions on them. He met some bizarre eccentrics in the literary quarters, women and men; but one at least had the sound business instincts of his race well developed. He had been an officer, but abandoned the army to set up as a professional humourist on the grand scale. He engaged two secretaries and six lady typists, dictated the whole day, catalogued his works, and kept an alphabetical index of his jokes. He travelled himself, carrying a special sample valise containing, "in order of size and by subject, all his novels, his fantasies, his dialogues"; would "go into a publishing office, open his bag, and, with a charming smile, remark, 'My name is Roda-Roda. Is there anything in my line that you would like to-day?' And then, still polite, he would produce a manuscript or two: 'Here we have a nice little satire on military life, 300 lines—shall we say 100 marks? Or a humorous story, rather improper, 250 lines—80 marks.' Thanks to his obstinacy and his original method of doing business, he sold his works wherever he went. It was impossible to open a magazine or even a daily paper without seeing his name. He advertised and pushed his wares," says M. Henry, "as if he were a manufacturer of mustard." He wasn't, of course; but, all the same, his literature appears to have been hot stuff.



THE FIRST GOVERNMENT INFORMATION BUREAU, JUST OPENED AT VICTORIA: (LEFT TO RIGHT) SIR WILLIAM FORBES; LADY STANLEY; AND LORD BESSEBOROUGH (EXTREME RIGHT).—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



WEARING HIS IRISH KILT: LORD ASHBORNE LECTURING ON THE CELTIC SOUL OF FRANCE BEFORE THE DUBLIN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

she is about to proceed to America and marry his father, the time has evidently come for explanations. The explanations rather floor John, a correctly conventional young man, and his mother is right in saying he would never learn to forgive her till he was himself in

BOOKS TO READ.

- Love Intrigues of the Kaiser's Sons. Comp. Ed. by William Le Queux. Illustrated. (John Long.)
 Singing Sands. By C. Fox Smith. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
 Nevertheless. By Olive Wadsley. (Cassell.)
 Beneath the Surface, and Other Stories. By Gerald Warre Cornish. With Introduction by Desmond MacCarthy. (Grant Richards.)
 Englishman, Kamerad! By Captain Gilbert Nobbs. (Heinemann.)
 Beyond the Rhine. By Marc Henry. (Constable.)
 Some War Impressions. By Jeffery Farnol. (Sampson, Low.)

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YOU and I, with every merited regard for an honourable profession which not infrequently fits its title, are feeling very anxious just now for a barrister who represents the defendant in any obviously scandalous case of food-hoarding. Of course, a man must do his best for his client. It is what he is paid to do. As the author of "Captain Reece" might have said, "It is his duty, and he must."

But it would be interesting sometimes to peep behind the scenes of an unquestionably patriotic lawyer's mind and conscience to ascertain his real opinion of the food-hog on whose behalf he is turning, or trying to turn, a pronounced black into a feeble white—to see, in short, if he anything like honestly believes that a man is not exceeding the greed-limit, or in the faintest degree transgressing against the food laws, by packing his cupboards with enough goods to stock a grocery store.

I know an eminent K.C.—as honest as the day is he, who'd rather die than tell a lie away from his profession. And yet, not very long ago, defending Mr. So-and-So, he spoke enough untruthful bluff to last the Court a Session. (It takes a lot, I may observe, of eminent King's Counsel's nerve to utter lies in bulk and size enough to last a Session!)

He told the Court without a blink that honestly he did not think a hundredweight of tea a great amount for persons seven. On this so strongly did he feel, he said his client would appeal, and stood the height of Injured Right, appealing unto Heaven! (From what one gathers from the news of hoarders who their cases lose, they do their deals in these appeals exclusively with Heaven!)

The girls in the corsets advertisements have become one of the leading compensations of the clubman's life. He has left off scowling at the member who monopolises the *Statist* or *Punch*, and taken to beelling his brows at the man who is absorbing more than his share of the newspapers with the "White Sale" pages in it. This is not because the clubman has degenerated, but because the girls, now limned and limbed by real artists, have improved.

Life for the clubman would be unutterably dull were it not for these pretty pictures of pretty ladies in pretty "pretties." The threadbare lunch of insipid substitutes, treacherously cooked and



THE ROYAL INSPECTION OF THE SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITAL UNIT BEFORE ITS DEPARTURE ON FOREIGN SERVICE: OFFICERS OF THE UNIT IN THEIR CAR—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

inferentially served, brings dreariness to his eye and actively fluctuating conditions to his chest-measurement. The pompous conversation, high-pitched, of the indiscriminately appointed new members, all about what they said to Whitehall when Whitehall wanted them to put more time in at the office and less letters into the newspapers, scars his face over with the dents and corrugations of deep disgust,

and fills his heart to the brim with sighs. It is only when he comes to the literature of the lounge that his countenance uncockles, and he feels he is getting some return for his subscription.

I'm in love with the beautiful lady in the corsets of sculptural bones who reclines between "Maudie" and "Maidie" in the pages of Dickens and Jones. And if ever, forgetful of duty, I got mixed in my "to's" and my "from's," 'twould be *her*, or some languorous beauty from the pictures of Derry and Toms!



AN INVESTITURE IN THE DESERT: GENERAL ALLENBY BESTOWING DECORATIONS ON THE FIELD.

General Allenby is here seen shaking hands with Lieutenant Bates, R.F.C., after decorating him with the Military Cross.—[Photograph by Topical.]

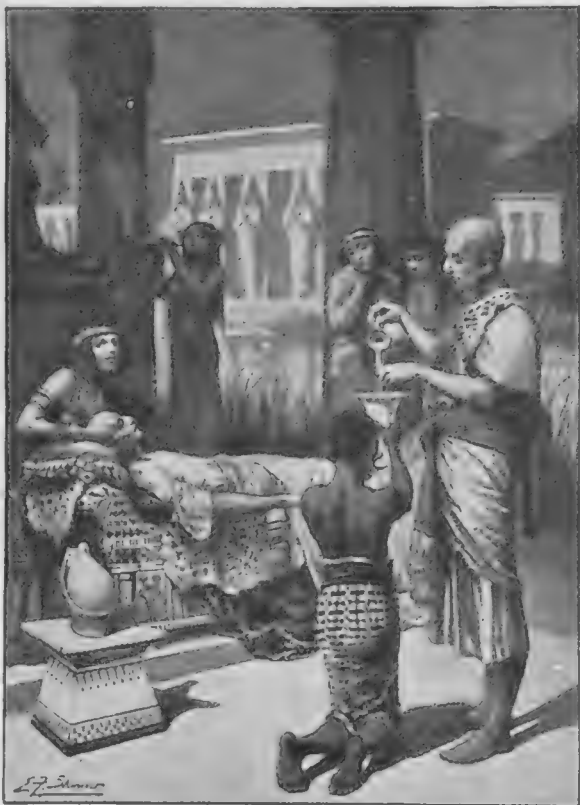
Of the corseted beauties of Whiteley, so disdainfully gorgeous are they, I could never do more than politely give them "How do you do?" and "Good-day!" But the dreamy-eyed damsels of Harrods seem to promise me fairly good sport if I deck them with jewels at Garrards, and from there introduce them at Court!

The standard suits are arriving just about now. The pink-wax gentlemen with the little wooden feet should be wearing them behind the plate-glass of the clothiers' in a few days, and then we shall know how to be Brummells and D'Orsays and Soverals for fifty-seven-and-six! Aren't you thrilled, Cuthbert? And you, Percy—do I not see you waiting with ill-disguised patience for the day when all you have to do is to fill in a self-measurement form (as per instructions) and send same direct (remittance must accompany order) to the England and Allies Royal Standard Suiting Company, Ltd., 943b, Goswell Broadway, E.C.1, mentioning this paper? Now, don't pretend you're not excited. You know you are.

When Cuthbert and when Percy too, from war's engagements large (where guns had shot them through and through) came home for their discharge, they hobbled into Savile Row, where "cut" begins and ends, delighted beyond words to know that they could soon smart "civvies" show to fashionable friends.

They found the good old firm no more, and on the precious spot was Thomson's Standard Suiting Store, which puzzled them a lot. Until a smiling gent, with hair pomaded to the roots, came forth and, with submissive air, explained to them the only "wear" was "Thomson's Standard Suits"!

Then Cuthbert looked at Percy, who in turn regarded C.: "I say, old thing, now this won't do!" Said Percy, "I agree." In terror then, and added pain, they fled from Thomson's Store, selecting (rather than remain) the lesser evil of the twain, and hobbling back to war. A. B. M.



THE WILL-TO-BE-WELL

"By the force of my will I shall subdue this disease."
Buddha.

"If you can force your heart, and nerve, and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you,
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"
Kipling.

"I must—I *will*—get back my health!"

The man who says this to himself—really meaning it—is thereby helping and hastening his own recovery—so much does will-power influence bodily processes.

But in nerve weakness, unfortunately, the will-power itself is enfeebled; the patient is too limp and listless to make the necessary effort of volition; and it is here that Sanatogen comes to his aid.

"For Sanatogen," writes a physician in the *Medical Press and Circular*, "acts as a powerful nerve tonic, supplying stimulus to the higher centres of the brain and spinal cord, and *exciting the will-power to vigorous action.*"

Yet Sanatogen, though so wonderfully invigorating, is quite harmless—it causes no re-action—and its effects are permanent.

That is why all nerve sufferers should

FIRMLY RESOLVE TO TAKE

SANATOGEN

THE TRUE TONIC FOOD.

Do not, however, be misled into thinking that other preparations will produce the same effects. "At first glance," writes Professor Goldwater, M.D., in *Therapeutic Medicine*, "Sanatogen would not seem to be greatly different from other food powders on the market, but this similarity is only superficial, for a further study of its qualities proves that the union of the casein with the glycerophosphates endows it with quite distinctive properties."

Ask your chemist for the genuine original Sanatogen—from 1/9 to 9/6 per tin—and see that it bears our name and address on the label.

GENATOSAN, LTD. (British Purchasers of the Sanatogen Co.)
Chairman: Lady Mackworth. 12, Chenies St., London, W.C. 1.

NOTE.—Sanatogen will later on be re-named Genatosan—genuine Sanatogen—to distinguish it from inferior substitutes.



"It's so digesty"

Little Miss Vi.

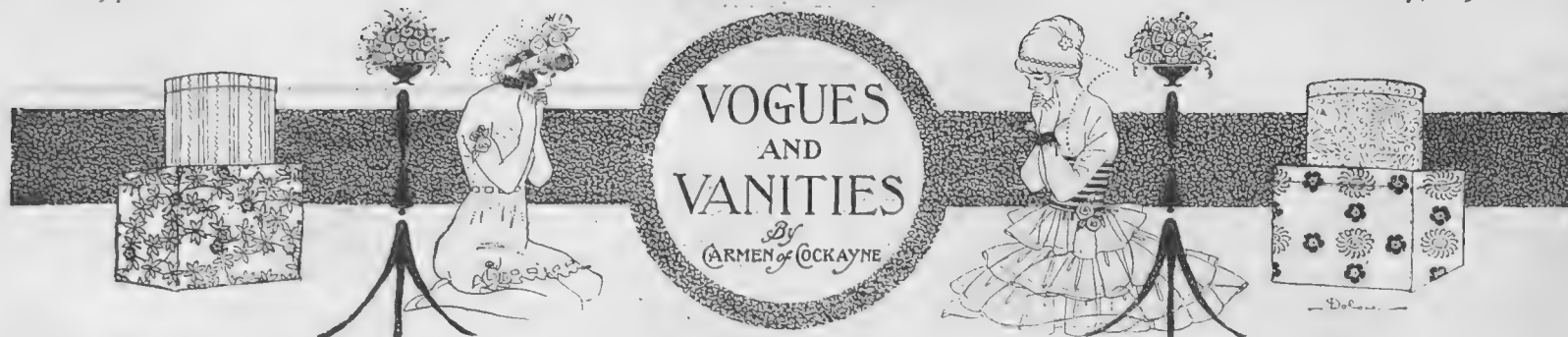
IN maintaining the strong and strengthening the weak of all ages, there is nothing to equal Little Miss Vi's big cup, full to the brim, night and morning.

Made at
Delectaland

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The Food Beverage of the People.

THE WATFORD MFG. CO., LTD.,
BOISSELIERS (Boy-sel-e-a) CHOCOLATES, VI-COCOA,
AND FREEMANS FOOD PRODUCTS,
DELECTALAND, WATFORD, ENGLAND



The Many-Coloured Mode.

Paris has had its openings; London houses are following suit, and "fashion" divides honours with "food" as a tea-table topic of conversation. In any case, it would be difficult to ignore the subject. After a long period of indulgence in sober tints, women's clothes have broken out into a riot of colour that is all the more striking by reason of their former unobtrusiveness. Jade-green, deep-red, bright-blue, and varying shades of yellow are some of the colours selected as suitable for spring garb, and, from the dress-point of view, London promises to be as gay as the beds one used to see in the Park before flower-growing became unpatriotic.

A Suit Surrender.

The passion for colour is not restricted to gowns intended for indoor wear. Even the practical coat-and-skirt, which has hitherto held itself severely aloof from frivolity, has yielded to the prevailing passion for frocks that strike the eye as well as delight the heart. Perhaps it is simply because it is springtime. After all, with Nature indulging in a spring outfit, it is very hard for a mere woman to practise abstinence from the clothes that her soul loves. Or it may be that the confidence of the heroes home on leave has infected women with a spirit of cheerfulness to which they want to give adequate expression. Whatever the reason, there are to be gay clothes this spring; and most women are frankly delighted at the prospect of being able to indulge their love of colour without incurring the reproach of being *démodé*.

The New Coats.

Much of the gaiety visible in dress is to be found in some of the new coats intended for wear on the days when sunshine and warmth conspire to make us forget that winter is not really over. Shawls from far Cashmere contribute not a little to the success of coats of this class, and there is no earthly reason, except personal inclination, why they should not be outlined with a band of cloth the colour of which repeats the predominant shawl shade. As an alternative, there are coloured coats of blue and green and scarlet, or two coloured ones, the junction of the two materials being defined by a mosaic design in braids, chenille, beads or any other medium the designer chooses to employ. So long as he does not use an obvious medium he may do what he pleases. To be commonplace in dress is the one unpardonable crime.

Is It a Cape?

When is a coat not a coat? The answer is, When it is one of the new models that have all the attributes of a cape, but retain just enough resemblance to the original idea of what a coat should be to entitle them to be included in the category. Frankly, the cape coat is only suitable for the slender woman of more than average height. Its full folds have an unkind

tendency to emphasise what is politely termed a "full habit"; but, as it is quite new, most women, whether it suits them or not, will probably hasten to add one to their wardrobes, for habit, in some matters, is stronger than patriotism or thrift, or any other virtue that the war has taught us to respect. Dolores, in a dress of olive-green cloth, shows an extension of the same idea to a day frock embroidered in copper and green and gold.

Seen at the Theatre.

The narrow skirt makes its appearance everywhere, and the theatres supply plenty of opportunities of judging its merits. But Fashion has, it is easy to see, been "going slow" on the subject. In almost every case one notices an attempt, by the use of a tunic or panels, to deceive the casual observer into the belief that skirts are not what fashion-writers report them to be. Miss Shirley Kellogg, for instance, wears some charming frocks in "Cheating Cheaters," at the Strand Theatre, whose at-

tenuated proportions are most carefully camouflaged. There is her first-act gown of palest pink chiffon. The underskirt is quite tight; and, after all, it is the underskirt that matters in such a case. But over it the dressmaker imposes a moderately wide jupe of transparent chiffon—longer, by the way, than the under-dress—tucked from waist to hem, and decorated down the front with embroidered motifs of blue silk. Again, there is her white evening dress, in which sparkling diamonds and silver beads help to complete the good work begun by white georgette. The

The "Gun-Powder Plot" hat is the natural complement of a dress that displays cape-like tendencies. It is described more fully elsewhere.

skirt is quite straight and quite narrow; but at the last moment Fashion changed her mind and split it at one side, and used a glittering ornament to guard against revelations other than those sanctioned by herself. There is also Miss Kellogg's frock of Chinese-blue satin. The casual observer, seeing deep puffs at the hem of the skirt arranged on either side panels of gold embroidery, might be excused for mistaking it for a wide and roomy jupe. It is, of course, nothing of the kind. The puffs, to repeat an overworked expression, are mere "camouflage," and the material is tucked up into a hem whose circumference just shows that clothes are never what they seem. The recent outburst against feminine dress on the part of a well-known Suffragist has once more raised the old question of whether or not women should walk abroad in trousers. The best argument in favour of the proposition can be seen at the Comedy Theatre, where Miss Gwendoline Brogden has recently joined the cast of "Bubbly." Her trousered tea-gown of white chiffon powdered with crystal and silver beads is infinitely becoming, and, judging by appearances, very comfortable to the wearer. Later, one sees Miss Brogden in the "real thing."



Contrasts are in favour just now, and that is why this gown of white chiffon sewn with diamonds is outlined with jet.



Diamond-spotted tulle has replaced the matinee hat, and is just as effective.




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OF ALL CUTLERS, STORES & OR POST FREE FROM
THE CLEMAK SAFETY RAZOR CO., Imperial Bldgs., Kingsway, W.C. 2.

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TRENCH COAT.

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Infantry	...	5 guineas.
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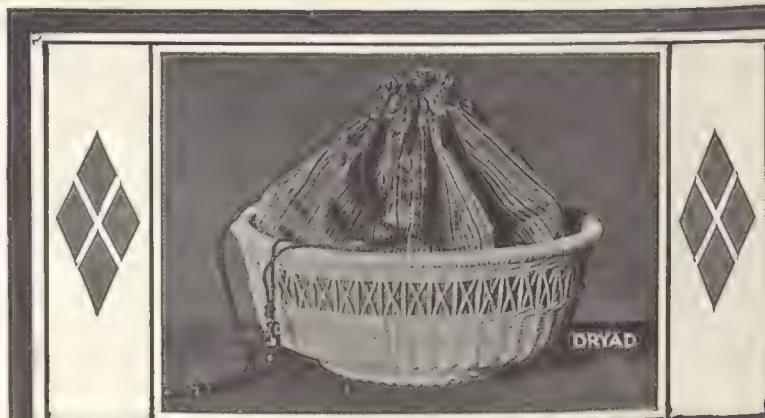
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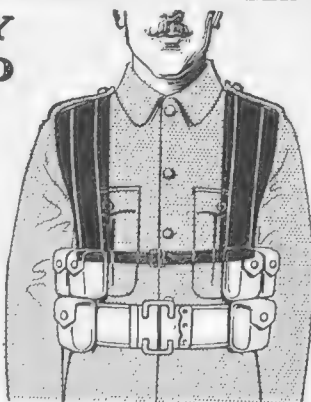
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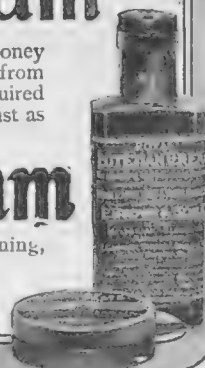
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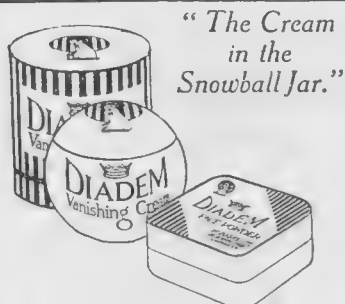
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"When first called to the colours I was passed as an 'A' man, though I had previously suffered from pleurisy twice. I joined the Royal Engineers, and first of all went through the Infantry training, or 'square drill.' The Army life soon found my weak spots, and I began to feel a bit 'groggy.' I mentioned this in a letter to my sister, and she sent me some Phosferine, advising me to take it, as it had done her so much good. She told me her husband, a Battery Sergeant-Major in the R.F.A. at the front, was always asking her to 'send some more Phosferine.' I am glad that I tried it, for it put me right at once. After passing out for square drill we went on to more strenuous field-work and rifle shooting. Then, when I ought to have been more careful than ever, I let my stock of Phosferine run out, and could not get it when I wanted it, so that very suddenly one day I had to be taken on a motor from the ranges and sent to hospital. However, when convalescent, I recommenced Phosferine, and the good it did me was simply amazing. Health and appetite particularly improved, and you can bet your life I shall never be without Phosferine again if I can help it. You are at perfect liberty to use this letter as you like."

This appreciative Engineer recognises that he owes his recovered physical fitness and efficiency solely to Phosferine—Phosferine revived the suspended nerve functions and thus provided the system with the extra vitality to rid itself of the weaknesses which had brought about his breakdown.

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How We Live Now.

Not in quickly moving taxis can we go to do our shopping or to a smart restaurant to lunch. The taxis are victims to the epidemics of strikitis that are a malevolent symptom of war-time with those who regard the occasion as one for reaping harvests of silver and Treasury notes. However, we are finding our feet, as it were. Also the humble 'bus, carefully and very closely packed, is by no means despised even as means of conveyance to a luncheon in Grosvenor Square. "Can your maid put a stitch in my skirt—a brute of a man trod on it as I was getting out of the 'bus?" This was a request from a Peeress of the Realm to an equally noble hostess, whose reply was also characteristic of the times: "I'm sorry, she is out trying to get some sausages. I'll do it for you in half-a-sec."

Bead Lore.

Beads of to-day are a sign of high civilisation—at least, so I have been told by a leader in the cult. They are invaluable in forming the cadences in schemes of colour and in solving discords. There are chromatic harmonies possible in beads that cannot otherwise be accomplished. There was a lot more; but it was all above my head, and I am afraid some bright beads threaded, two and three bits of green glass are to me, and nothing more. I hear that the groupings are quite a language, and the charms hung on the bead chains quite a study. However, the times are practical, and I would rather know Russian and study communal kitchens than steep myself in bead lore.

Beau Brocade.

Brocades now! If you have some bits of beautiful brocade (you know there are dress-hoarders—a much more estimable variety than food-hoarders), bring them out. They make the *cachet* of a dress; and, if they are large enough, they make a cape—and capes are the correct wear these days. A brocade cape, giving to the shoulders a downward slope, and falling in apparently careless—really most energetically contrived—folds, is a garment fair to the eye and to be desired. I saw some lovely capes at Gooch's, and coveted especially one owing its charm to velvet and fur. I saw some beautifully cut and made coats-and-skirts too, and was struck by the fine material used for the costumes and coats at this well-known establishment, where good value, good wearing quality, and good taste are the watch-words of war-time dressing.

Absolutely It.

The woman who always looks remarkably well turned out, yet seldom talks about clothes, and apparently does not spend much thought on them, is invariably among the best dressed women of her set. She has a *flair* for what suits her, and it gives her no trouble to get it. Her mistakes are nil; her misfits do not exist. Everything she wears seems exclusively her own. She never hesitates to give any inquiring friend the address of her dress, boot, hat, and glove makers; but not all of them attain so desirable a result as herself. "All my gowns are made at Harrod's," she says; "and I get all accessories under the same roof. My theory is, if you can't get what you want there, you can't get it anywhere—so what's the use of wasting

time?" She knows what suits her, so do Harrod's people, and they carry out the entire scheme entirely right. Always she sits above criticism, and looks absolutely "it."

Lovely and Low in Price.

To "sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam" does not sound exciting; yet, if there were not women who loved fine sewing, and who lived their simple, good lives doing it, fine ladies would miss their dainty and beautiful hand-made lingerie and children's things—such as can

be had at Mesdames Caroline, 24, New Bond Street, where the loveliest French convent work is sold, and that is the loveliest hand-work in this round world of ours. The prices are amazingly and delightfully low. A nightie sure to bring good dreams can be bought for 7s. 11d., and camisoles from 3s. 11d.; boudoir-caps, too, are sold from 2s. 11d. For an expenditure of three penny stamps a dainty catalogue with many illustrations can be obtained. In these convent workers' saloons are shown the most fascinating things, direct from the worker's hand. Smart women who love dainty wear for themselves and their chicks should see them.

A Russian Girl's Prediction.

I met a girl yesterday who was in Petrograd three weeks ago. She has a Russian mother and a British father, and has lived for seventeen or eighteen years in Southern Russia. According to her idea, all reports of chaos and riots, etc., in Russia are very greatly exaggerated here. She believes implicitly in the future of Russia, and that the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, who wishes to live his life as a private gentleman, will be forced by the people to be their Little Father. They feel that they cannot get on without one, and she believes that a hundred years under a benign and liberal rule will be necessary to educate the Russians to rule themselves. It was well known that this brother of the ex-Tsar was, like that unfortunate ruler himself, a real lover of his people. This Grand Duke is also a broad and liberal-minded man, and he has never come under German influence, but is a real Russian patriot. Well, we shall see what we shall see!



AN AFTERNOON DRESS.

Velvet and fur form the basis of this costume. The colour is olive-green, and a broad fur hem is wound tightly round the ankles. The neck and cuffs are also adorned with fur.



FOR EVENING WEAR.

This attractive garment is made of the so fashionable canary-yellow ninon, and is embroidered with tiny beads of blue, mauve, and green.

In the multitude of counsellors there is, proverbially, wisdom, and in these days, crowded with changes as is a kaleidoscope, the establishment of Government Information Bureaux is a step to be universally commended. These Bureaux, which will collectively form a sort of National "Enquire Within," will take the form of attractive kiosks, and will be established in places which are visited by thousands of people every day, and are in the most convenient centres, such as great Stores, railway stations, hotels, banks, insurance offices, and so on. The authorities have appointed Mr. H. Simonis, Honorary Director and Organiser of the Government Information Bureaux, with Mr. K. J. Thomas, Hon. Secretary, to assist him. The idea is very practical, and should prove of great value to the public.

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There is indeed wisdom in the famous saying that the makers of a nation's songs are more important than the makers of its laws.

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AIR RAID, BAI JOVE! THERE GO THE MERINGUES. By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

EVEN the air-raids have their consolations, if one looks at them the right way. The other evening, while the raid was in full blast, a young friend of mine, aged 13, who had been hauled out of bed by an anxious mother and taken down from their top-floor flat to the second floor below, so as to be clear of fuse-caps and such minor missiles, was sitting toasting his toes in front of the kind friend's fire, and listening to the banging of a particularly spiteful gun near by, when, during a pause in the firing, he looked up and remarked philosophically: "Well! I'm glad I don't live in Jupiter, where they have four moons."

The Moons of Jupiter. It was quite surprising what a cheering effect the remark had on his elders, quite apart from the pure constructive humour of the remark. Incidentally, the youth is a Scot of Scots. Somehow it had never struck any of us what a worry it would be if it were moonlight every night all through the year, so that the raids could go on continuously; and the idea that if we had four moons, like the unfortunate Jovians, we should always have at least one full moon on top every week somehow brought home to us how much we are spared.

Night Raids at the Front.

The official communiqués from G.H.Q. in France

lately have shown that the R.F.C. people have been bombing the Hun back areas fairly consistently whenever weather permitted, moon or no moon; but the cases are rather different. To begin with, the distances covered in France are much shorter. Forty or fifty miles out from the starting-place is about a fair average. Also anywhere the other side of the fighting-line, where any movement is seen, is a good enough target for a bomb, and anywhere on one's own side of the lines is a good enough landing-place on returning; though it must be said that it is extraordinary how the R.F.C. bombers find their way on dark nights to their pre-arranged objectives, and then find their way back to their own aerodromes.

Crossing the Silver Streak.

Nevertheless, the Hun bomber certainly is at a disadvantage compared with them, when he starts out to raid London. He has to cross the sea, which is notoriously upsetting to aerial navigators, for it may be blowing gently in one direction on one side of the Channel, and blowing quite hard in another direction on the other side; so the raiding machines may be blown right off their course before they strike the English coast, which means that they must have a good light by which to locate their precise whereabouts on reaching land. Similarly, in returning, unless they want to risk flying over territory held by the Allies, and being caught by guns, searchlights, and aeroplanes before crossing the firing-line, they have to navigate very accurately in order to reach the narrow strip of Belgian coast, and so avoid attack. Therefore, it may be that, what with the difficulty

of finding their objective after a flight of between 150 to 200 miles, and of finding their way home again, the German High Command does not think it worth while to attempt raids by starlight alone.

London's "Larder" Wideawake. Still, it would be very unwise for anyone, either the general public or the "competent authority," to assume that there will be no raids except on moonlight nights. There is, however, very little

fear of the London Defence people making any such dangerous assumption. Those who know them best have the least doubt on the subject. The last series of raids has shown that those in charge of the London Aircraft Defence Area, more familiarly known as the L.A.D.A., and colloquially as the "Larder," are very alert about their jobs. The promptness with which the maroon warnings of the approach of the raiders have been given shows that they are quite wideawake; and the successful way in which the gun-barrage has turned back all except a few singularly lucky or unusually stout-hearted Huns shows that they are highly efficient gunners.

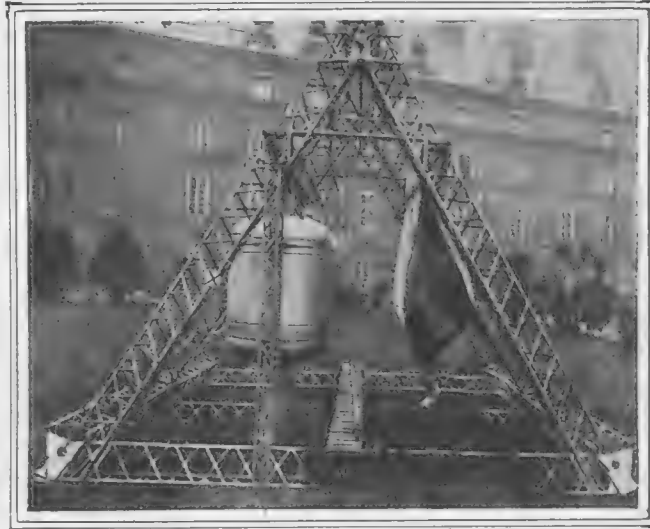
Our Raider-Hunting Aeroplanes.

The aeroplanes have also played a gallant part in chasing raiders away. The bag which they get from time to time shows that when once our aviators

do find a Hun he does not escape easily. It is rather a pity, as a matter of fact, that it is impossible, for obvious reasons, to publish the number of aeroplanes which go out Hun-hunting on raid nights, and the number who actually sight and engage enemy machines. If it were possible to publish the figures, it would greatly increase the confidence of the people.

Weather or No.

So far, considering that the whole of London is the Hun's target, and considering the great difficulty of seeing such a small thing as an aeroplane in the deceptive moonlight, the results up to the present look to me very like a defeat for the invaders. Doubtless, very shortly the enemy will launch one of his favourite massed attacks by air, as he does on land; but I, for one, am ready to bet that he will find the defences quite prepared to meet his carefully saved-up air fleet, and to defeat it, with or without the assistance of the much-abused but ever kind English weather, which saved this country from the Spanish Armada and Napoleon's great Boulogne Fleet. Hitherto the weather has been our chief protection against aerial invaders; but it looks as if we shall soon be independent of it. Which is a comforting thought.



AT THE INVALIDES: PETROL-TANKS AND PART OF THE FRAMEWORK OF A WRECKED ZEPPELIN.—[French Official Photograph.]



IN A FRENCH FACTORY: AT WORK ON AN ARMOURD AEROPLANE. French Official Photograph.

The Meringues. Apropos the maroon signals, another young friend of mine had retired to bed early the other night, and had slept peacefully through all the preliminary racket of a raid. Then a big gun near the house got to work, and that woke him; so he climbed out of bed, and shouted down the stairs: "Papa! Did you hear? The meringues are going off!"



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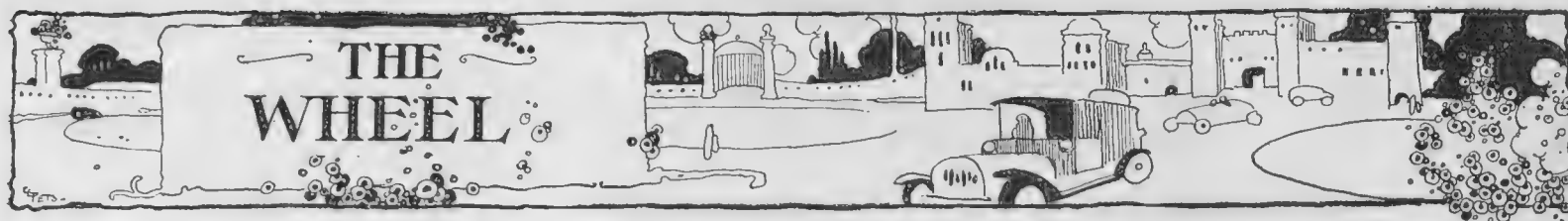
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PETROL-CARD STATISTICS: MOTORISTS NOT PETROL-HOARDERS: MOTOR-CANTEENS FOR SERBIA: A GAMBLE!

Striking Figures. For the first time since petrol came to be officially controlled, some authoritative figures have been published concerning the scope of the Committee's operations and the results of nearly two years' rationing. They appear in the *Board of Trade Journal*, and the most interesting feature is the table of declining use as the outcome of the limitation of motor fuel and of licences. When the three months' petrol-card was first issued, it was taken up in respect of 306,014 owners or firms as follows: private cars, 94,111; private motor-cycles, 95,098; doctors' cars, 14,636; hackney vehicles, 22,189; commercial vehicles, 35,677; and industrial processes, 44,303. Then followed the six months' allowance of October - March, 1916-17, and this brought the gross total down to 237,882, of which 84,610 were private cars, and only 48,580 motor-cycles. Then came the third issue, in which the licences were only issued to persons who could show that they were doing national work, and the private cars were reduced to 70,542, and motor-cycles to 34,462; but commercial vehicles showed an advance, while the licences for industrial processes rose from 41,375 to no fewer than 60,061. The grand total was 230,456; but this was very materially decreased by the fourth and final order, which brought private cars down to 49,717, motor-cycles to 24,403, hackney vehicles to 13,931, commercial vehicles to 29,738, and industrial process licences to 42,153—total, 159,942. For some unexplained reason, no figures are given as to doctors' cars, but these stood at 10,250 in the previous list. From the foregoing, it is clear that the motor-cyclist is the chief sufferer; while the private car has still very substantial claims to doing work of national importance.

Not Unpatriotic. The private motorist, by the way, may be completely exonerated from the charge of desiring to "fiddle while Rome burned," and indulge in wholesale and indiscriminate pleasure riding. It may be recollected that when first the petrol-card system was inaugurated, motorists were requested to make application for spirit according to their estimated requirements, and it was fully expected by the anti-motorist that they would set the figures high, with a view to getting as much as possible—just as shareholders apply for a larger amount of a given issue than they anticipate receiving when the allotments are made. The fact remains, however, that, whereas 66,900,000 gallons of motor-spirit were consumed in 1915 by private car-owners, the amount that they applied for in 1916 was only 33,000,000 gallons, and the Petrol Committee completely exonerates them from the charge of having sent in exaggerated returns of their requirements. It is abundantly clear, indeed, that motorists throughout have had no

desire but to adapt themselves to the requirements of the occasion. Nor must it be forgotten that the large number of cars thrown out of action by the latest scheme of licensing were previously devoted to pleasure purposes alone. The vast majority were being driven partly for personal use and partly for philanthropic purposes; but nowadays a private owner must devote the whole of his time, or his driver's, to national purposes if he is to obtain fuel; and this in many cases was obviously impossible.



A PRESENTATION PORTRAIT: SIR FRANK BOWDEN.

The two thousand employees of the Raleigh Cycle Company, of Nottingham, have marked the seventieth birthday of Sir Frank Bowden, and the thirtieth year of the Company, by the presentation to Sir Frank of his portrait. Sir Frank himself signalled the occasion by a gift of £2000 to the local hospital, and £1000 to the Salvation Army.



GRANDSON OF NEW YORK'S TRACTION KING: THE YOUNG DUC DE CHAULES.

The late Duc de Chaules, whose son is here seen, married Miss Theodora Shonts, daughter of Mr. Theodore P. Shonts, head of New York's traction system. The young Duke is standing on a motor-ambulance presented to the Italian Army by the Duchesse de Chaules and other leaders of New York Society. The photograph was taken at the Hotel Vanderbilt, New York.—[Photograph by C.N.]

An Opportunity for Help.

Sergeant-Major Flora Sandes, the plucky lady who fought with the Serbian Army through its terribly trying times, and was severely wounded, is now appealing to her fellow-motorists for the gift of four Ford cars with van bodies. They are needed for use with the free canteens which Sergeant-Major Sandes is starting along the roads in Macedonia for the Serbian soldiers, who are still holding on, despite all the horrors they have endured. Lack of transport is always a difficulty on the Serbian front, and at present there is not a single canteen in existence; but, with four cars at her disposal, Sergeant-Major Sandes states that she would be able to arrange for the whole army to be supplied with many necessities which are now entirely lacking. While home on leave she has collected, in conjunction with the Hon. Mrs. Haverfield's Fund for Providing Comforts for Serbian Soldiers, about £2000; but the purchase of four cars would make serious inroads into this sum, and she naturally does not desire to incur the risk of having to shut down when going well.

Not the Required Answer.

From time to time I hear various stories—some humorous, and others the reverse—of the relations between employers and employed in the countless munition factories up and down the country. In the former category may be placed one concerning a large group of skilled workers who were earning very considerable sums in wages. They amused themselves with gambling in their meal-times, and this practice increased to such a pitch that the foreman intervened and ordered the men to desist, but was promptly consigned to a warmer climate. Then the works manager saw fit to remonstrate; but he, too, was advised to go elsewhere for the benefit of his health. At last the managing director endeavoured to bring the weight of his authority to bear; but only to encounter a similar rebuff. In

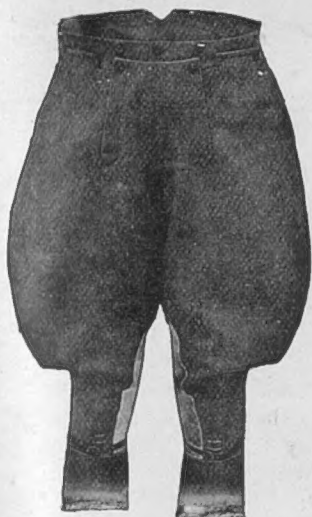
desperation, the firm then wrote to the police and requested them to take action. After a due interval a reply was received, couched in the following terms: "We have carefully considered our position in the matter, and find that the only course legally open to us is to prosecute your firm for permitting gambling on the premises!"

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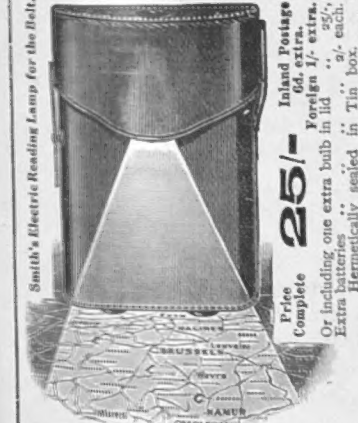
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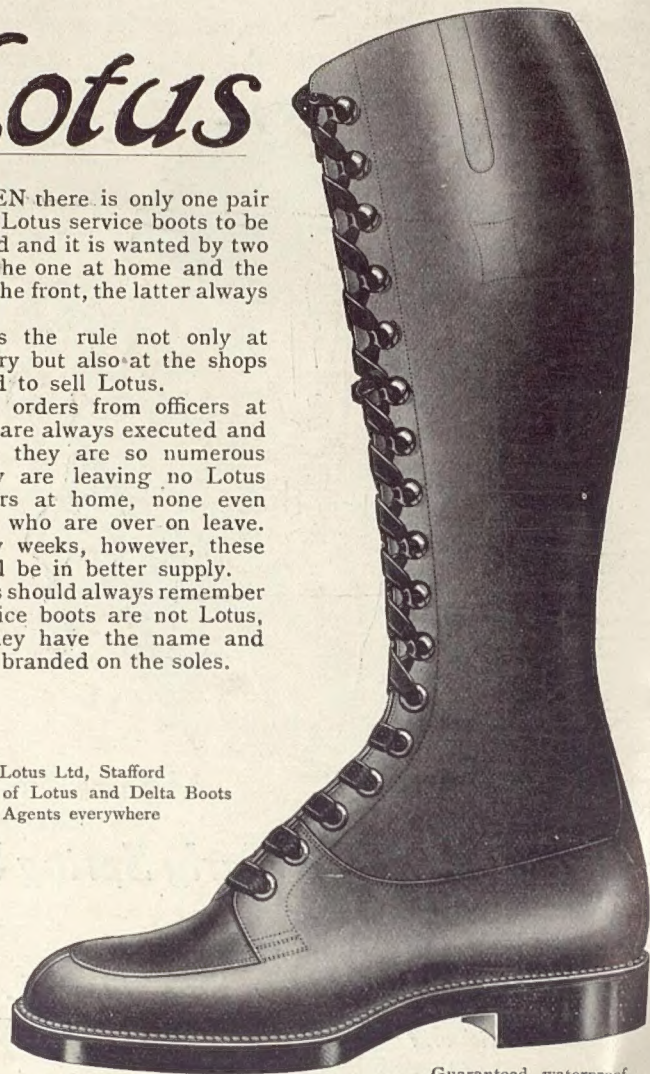
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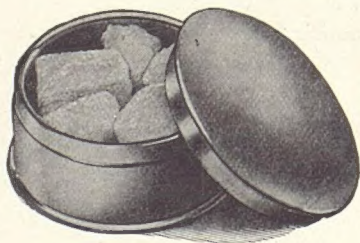
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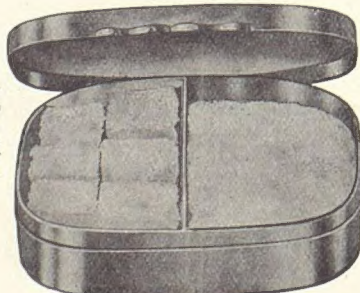
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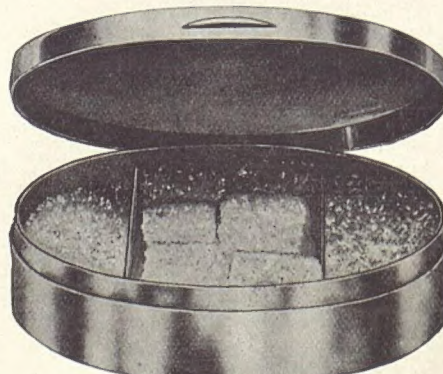
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